

Cold Touch

by Vexa Leonhart

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Genre: Romance

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Summary: Hiccup and Jack share a quiet moment together. A very short drabble I wrote for bloodyripwonderland on Tumblr. HiJack fluff.

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_**Title:**__ Cold Touch_

_**Pairing:**__ HiJack/FrostCup/JacCup_

_**Rating:**__ T_

_**Warnings:**__ BL(Boy Love), I can't really think of anything elseâ€¦_

_**Genre:**__ Romance_

_**Summary:**__ Hiccup and Jack share a quiet moment together. A very short drabble I wrote for bloodyripwonderland on Tumblr. HiJack fluff._

_**Words:**__ 448_

_**V/N:**__ It's very, very short compared to what I usually write. But that's what a drabble is, isn't it? Isn't it!? _ _

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><p>Hiccup felt the cold fingertips gliding over his features; he felt the light touch of blunt fingernails over his freckled cheekbones, he felt the pad of Jack's thumb press against his eyebrow and tracing it. Cold fingers ran down from his temple to his jaw, before they curved off along the bone and reached his lips, where they lingered and stroked the slightly chapped skin there, tracing the edges of his lips, and running along the crevice between

them.<p>

The corners of those lips curved upwards, prompting the cold appendages to run over the slight indentations in his cheeks caused by the act. Those cold fingers were soothing on his warm face, even warmer than usual due to the flush in his cheeks from slight embarrassment, they curved and glided and traced and dipped over his features, stroking the skin delicately as if they were the wings of a butterfly and needed to be treated with the upmost care and wonder.

"Jackâ€¢!"

Murmured words escaped his lips, and bright blue eyes lazily watched as the name rolled off Hiccup's tongue and into the air between them, before they returned to their earlier activity of intently studying the skin beneath his fingertips. A hum rumbled in the chest of the pale, white haired boy as he acknowledged the other boy attempting to get his attention, as if he hadn't already captured his full attention.

"Jack, it's snowing."

"Is it now?" Jack murmured quietly, as he ran the pad of his index finger down the bridge of the brunets nose, stopping once it reached the tip of the boys nose and withdrawing when the Winter Spirit leaned down and pressed a feather-light kiss to the place his finger had been, teeth scraping the skin slightly and leaving a cold touch in its place.

"Did you just nip me?"

There was no hint of disapproval in Hiccup's tone, only amusement overlaying affectionate exasperation as a cheeky smirk made its way to Jack's expression, but the Guardian's eyes remained half-lidded as he lazily trailed his fingers into the hair that framed his lovers face.

"I did indeed, what are you going to do about it?"

The light smile that lifted freckled cheeks grew into a smirk and green eyes sparkled cheekily, those cold fingers now combing gently through his hair, brushing it off his forehead, a gesture that left tingling sensations on his scalp.

"I'll get back at you one day, Jack Frost, just you wait. But for now, I'd appreciate it if you stopped making it snow in my bedroom, what do you think my Dad will do if he comes upstairs and finds me buried under a pile of snow?"

End
file.